and Facts

MR. PEEVED PROTESTS

Against Bribing Children With Money

TO HIS PATIENT WIFE

66 OHN," said Mrs. Peeved, carefully sorting out skeins of pink embroidery silk, "John, you'll have to give Jackie a quarter. I told him you would if he was good at the dentist's today."

"A quarter, huh!" snapped Mr. Peeved, lighting his cigar over the lamp. "A quarter for having his teeth pulled! Well, upon my word, that's a nice thing. Bribe the kid to do his duty. That's the way you women ruin your children.

"That feller that handed out the dope the other day that modern women were training their children to be grafters and to corrupt legislatures was right.

"Nix, petty, no quarter for the kid. His teeth had to come out; now they're out, that ends it."

"Well, he's just going to have that money," answered Mrs. Peeved, crossly. "I don't intend to promise my son things and then not have him get them.

"And I'm not going to have my son ruined by your indulgence," roared Mr. Peeved, beating the table with his fist. "Let him do things because it's right to do 'em. I tell you you'll make him a mercenary wretch. Be reasonable with him; tell him what to do.

"Where is he now, ch? Out shovelin' snow. Why? Because I told him as one man to another that the snow had to be shoveled off. I didn't take him off in a corner and bribe him to do it.

"Shoveling snow and having your teeth pulled are very different, John Peeved, and you're too lazy to do one and too afraid to do the other," snapped Mrs. Peeved.

"Silence, woman," retorted Mr. Peeved. "I don't intend to be drawn into personal recriminations. What I say is that you're not goin' to bribe that kid. I--

A youthful voice from the door interrupted:

"Say, pop, I've cleaned the front pavement, but you gotta come across with another fifty if you want the side cleaned. I ain't doin' this fer my health, and the job's worth a dollar."

"I think, petty," said Mr. Peeved a little later, watching his wife embroider a scallop, "I think, petty, our kid is going to be a financier." Mrs. Peeved sniffed.

LORETTA'S LOOKING-GLASS



SHE HOLDS IT UP TO THE WIFE WHO SNUBS HER HUSBAND'S FRIENDS.

tesimal bow that indicates a severe how can be when you behave like a ed age, and you would have acted

Y DEAR, here comes a man kick himself for being made the victim of protection he should give you. I want you to meet." Your husband said it to than his wish to swear at you. you as the stranger came. He knows the man is thinking you nessed to you by the bonds of wed-

"I don't think I care to," you answer- doubting his common sense. Your hus- 1 think women look upon those same ed, when it was too late to avoid the band does not blame him for that. He bonds as excusing them from any fur-

ntroduction With your ungracious words in his of how absolutely lacking in courtesy the man who is tied. You would have ears, your husband flounders through and consideration for him you can be. gretted pleasantly any ore that a hostthe formality. And you do not help him. What makes you do it? Your hus- ess introduced to you. Another man Wit bithe stonies face and an infin- band wants to be proud of you. But might have presented Consul, the train-

spinal malady, you acknowledge the half-tutored, bad-dispositioned child. presentation.

Something about the man does not I am nost as if you took a malicious delight mouner is bad.

ituation is flendishly disagreeable, him, it is your duty to accept him as interesting before they were married. Your husband tries to make up for your the right person for you to know. By are clways other women who are trigidity and becomes an effusive and not doing it, you seem to accuse your not married to him and who will take perspiring imbecile. He feels a desire to burhand of being deficient in the kind the trouble.

of the difficulty only a little less strong. And you know very well you would , not treat a person who was not har-

are a snob. And he believes he is lock so inconsiderately. Sometimes doubts it himself, after this exposition ther effort to be agreeable or pelite to

I am not a bit afraid to say that I And that is all you do. It seems al- please you. His clothes are loud, or his believe a good many of the desertion cases which end in the divorce court start with just this disposition of the the start with just this disposition of the start gift to me be miserable.

They are that, you can be sure. The to you? If your husband introduces attentions to her husband that make her

GEE WHIZ ! EATING IN

RESTAURANTS GIVES ME A PAIN.

"Friday"

AW . I HATE THIS L

Pay Day (Drawn for The Times.)

C. A. VOIGHT

Fails to Put It Across Before

BY

Chimmie's History

CAPTEN John Smith was de man a devvil in him. But anyhow dey dat steared de Mayflour, wich was de name of de brave vessle what karried tousands of Amerikan swells' maybe not as good, dey told him dat aunts' sisters to dis country long be- dey was going to bern de devvil out fore envisedy was born. If it hadent of him. Capten John Smith dident say noth of been for Capten John Smith, the ing, jest to show dem what he thought

John Smith killed in his spare mo-

One fatul day Capten Smith was captured. A gang of Indiuns does it trubbul to make it and sat down on av a durty meen trick. Dev waited til Capten Smith had eksausted all his amunishun and den der run up and grabbed him like de sneeks dey was,

"Don't you fellers git gay wid me," he could talk as good as he could American and wasen't afrayed of nothing, "or I'll beswich you."
He then looked cross-cyed, wich no Indiun has ever learned to do, and the ignorunt savidges that they was block off."

danter of the biggest cheef, he that everything she did was jest rite. "Who said enviling about berning de man." he says, like he was mad. "If any of youse guys dares to put two peeces of wood what heen rubbed togedder to dat man I'll knock his block off." says Capten Smith, in Indian, wich

Mayflour would of hin feed for the fishes, and then ware would you of hin? Noware.

Capten Smith went to live at Jamestown, which was named after him, James beeing short for John. It was a fearse place to live, on akkount of it being almost entirely surrounded by Indiuns, many of which Capten John Smith killed in his spare mo-Jest then a luvly Indian girl, wich

was Pokerhontus and a peach to look at her pixtures, blowed out the fire after the indiuns going to all that

Capten Smith's feet.

"You're a lot of low-down Indiuns," she says, "and if you bern dis man I go up in smoke wid him. He ain't done nothing."

Being as Pokerhontus was the dauter of the biggest cheef, he that everything who did was feet the

300% DISCOUNT.



Where will our new hartleships he ordered, when they are built?" Out of commission, as back num-

Questionable Praise. Gallant Cowboy (after a soul-weary

ing performance by pretty hostess)-Er -what was that you just played? Miss Pianothumpp-Impromuto No 976, by Poundowwhiski. Did you like

Gallant Cowbay (with an effort)-Oh, yes, yes; every note of it, as you play Ai-yes, indeed. I was entranced by your-er-levely touch, you know. But if I ever catch that composer, I'll shoot

Lots of Funny Things to See

No use going down the street With a grouch in tow, Glaring at the ones you meet As they come an go. Folks in plenty may be found

That should cause a smile

If you will but look around At the rank and file Here's a fellow drifting by In an ancient coat
Inst about three sizes shy,
While around his throat
Is a necktle that's a string
Of the brightest hue,
On the stage a laugh he'd bring.

There a woman hobbles past Going at full steam. Colors in her cheek are fast, And her rat's a dream. Skirt is of the latest mode From the tailor shop. She can amble like a toad

With a fancy hop.

So you see them come and go If you will but look, And it beats a three-ring show Or a fairy book, Why not gratify your eye
With the cheering view?
Others may in passing by

Split their sides at you.

I'm out of politics for good.

Out of the Game. "Lend a hand, Hiram, and help ketch the selectman's pig." "Let the selectman ketch his own pig.



BELLS ON AND

IN RED FIRE'S

HEVER MIND

THE COFFEE

BREAD

PUDDING

TO HIGHT - YOU SURE

HAVE GIVEN ME AN

MR. HENRY HENPEQUE'S

Account of the New Baby at Home, Told in a

TROLLEY MONOLOGUE

661 TAVE you heard, Bilkins? Lillian-l've got a little boy now. He's the second. I wanted a boy the first time, but Lillian-the other one's a girl, you know.

"I think he looks like me, but Lillian is inclined to think he favors her father. Of course, there's always a difference of opinion in these matters, and she may be right. I don't believe there ever was a finer youngster. And candidly, Bilkins, I think he looks like me. But Lillian-

"'Lillian,' I said, 'I could almost swear he looks like me. Look at that nose,' I said. 'Look at those eyes, and I believe his hair is going to be the same identical copper shade as mine. I think he looke like me, I said.

"'He's the living image of my father,' she said, 'and he takes after my side of the family in every feature. Don't know what you can be thinking about, Henry,' she said. 'I felt just like saying, "Why, papa!" when I saw him for the first time,' she said.

"Of course, Bilkins, she may be right. It's so hard to tell who babies really look like, because of the great difference of opinion, but I could have sworn-

"I wanted to name him Henry, after me, you know. But Lillian-I rather think we'll name him Judson. That's Lililan's father's name. Personally, I don't care much for the name, but she-that'll probably be what we'll call him

"'Lillian,' I said, 'I really think we ought to call him Henry. I was named after my father,' I said to her, 'and I don't think we ought to drop it this way. As his father, I said-

"'Besides,' I said, 'Judson is a peculiar name, and I don't think the boy would like it. The other boys will be calling him Jud,' I said, 'and just think how that will sound. It will mortify the boy,' I said. 'But Henry,' I said. 'Henry is a good, well-known name, and he'll like it. I oan just hear his little playmates calling him "Hen," just as they used to call me, I said to her

"But Lillian-as I say, we'll probably call the baby Judson."

Spinster Aunt's Advice

DEAR Spinster Aunt: I am a spinster,

you, for it is, you know, always easier to ask advice from some one outside of should do would be to announce quite the family circle, to whom our identity quietly to the family that I was enwho is about four years older than I.
We are matter of fact over it, for one doesn't have quite the same idea of love at thirty-three that one has at lighteen.

The marry you are certainly too old to be dictated to.
I don't blame either you or the doctor for being angry. A woman is none the less a woman because she is thirty-three, and love which comes at that time is far bigger and finer than the

munity of interests in common. But here is the point. The family, including But my younger sister, and my mother, have ish, but if the family keep up their ridiculed my "romance" till they have attitude I should simply be married at once and tell them about it afterward.

They are indignant at the idea of a myself, by the way, a real old woman of my age marrying. Of course, maid, having passed the rubicon of thirty and having long since been released away like a child, but the doctor is thirty and having long since been relegated to a back seat in our household.

And that is the cause of my writing to What shall 1 do?

OLD MAID.

My dear fellow spinster, what I . is not known, than of those whose point gaged to the doctor, send a small poof view is warped by personal feeling. lice to the society columns and plan In other words, dear fellow spinster, and make all arrangements for a small after having been a real old maid for wedding at the rectory of your church. some years. I have fallen in love, quite Then if they oppose, remind them really and truly in love, with a doctor that if they consider you too old to

Nevertheless it is love born of a com- time is far bigger and finer than the think elopements are always

Winter Rain Is His Pet Aversion

Rain in winter I detest. could tell if I were pressed Just the wherefore and the why That such weather I decry. Out of season anyway: Out of reason, I should say, Coming, cold and wet and raw, With its rude midwinter thaw,

Down it comes without a check. Have to wade it to your neck. You must almost swim the flood, Mixed with floating ice and mud. your garments are in soak, And your throat begins to choke, Bitter doses you must slp, For it leaves you with the grip.

Then next day your stars you bless, As it hardens more or less, If your feet don't fly the track, Landing you upon your back, Or go skating on your ear, And ridiculous appear, While the stars above you glow As a grand electric show

Rain is useful, I admit. In the spring we welcome it, In the summer time I must Credit it for laying dust. But in winter, bless my eyes, I can never learn to prize Anything as cold and raw As the rain that brings the thaw.

Pet Superstitions.

Something fluttered helplessly acros the room; then, flying blindly in another direction, beat its little wings helplessagainst a mirror.

"Oh, oh!" screamed the woman, leaping up: "drive it out, Joe; drive it "It's nothing but a bird," he protested. "A bird," she wailed. "Oh, a bird! Get a broom and kill it. "Don't you know it's frightfully bad luck for a bird to fly across the room?"



ses of their hairpins."
"Yes, sometimes they use them for

No Demand for Them.

Knicker-Everything is governed by to law of supply and demand. Bocker-Then who demands hristmas thingumbobs the girls make

Her Conscience.

Little Bessie-Mamma, how'll I know then I'm naughty? Mother-Your conscience will tell you, ear. Little Bessie-I don't care about what

Narrow Minded.

"Booker is awfully narrow, isn't he "Narrow isn't the name for it. Say, he asked me yesterday if I believed Santa Claus belonged to any church."

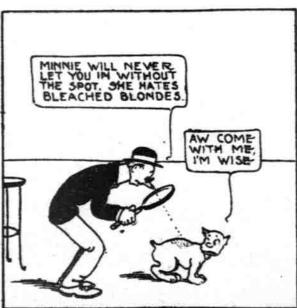
By Sherman

Amos Really Lacks Nerve to Bring Home a Blonde









CAVIGE

Drawn for The Times

